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PROLOGUE:
Somewhere in the MIDATLANTIC...
Heavy is the heart of Prince Namor the First.
As heavy as the ocean pressure crushing against him.

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Nearly a dozen years have passed since his beloved Atlantis was ravaged--
--and most of his people slaughtered in a catastrophic war.
Still does the savage Sub-Mariner grieve.
Still does he hunger for vengeance.
At nearly 35,800 feet below sea level, human scientists believe that Challenger Deep in the Mariana Trench is the deepest point in the Earth's oceans.
They're wrong.
The Great Atlantis Trench is far deeper.

Into its yawning maw, the former Lord of Atlantis dives--
--plunging to unimaginable depths!
Down, he continues to swim!
DOWN!
DOWN!
DOWN!

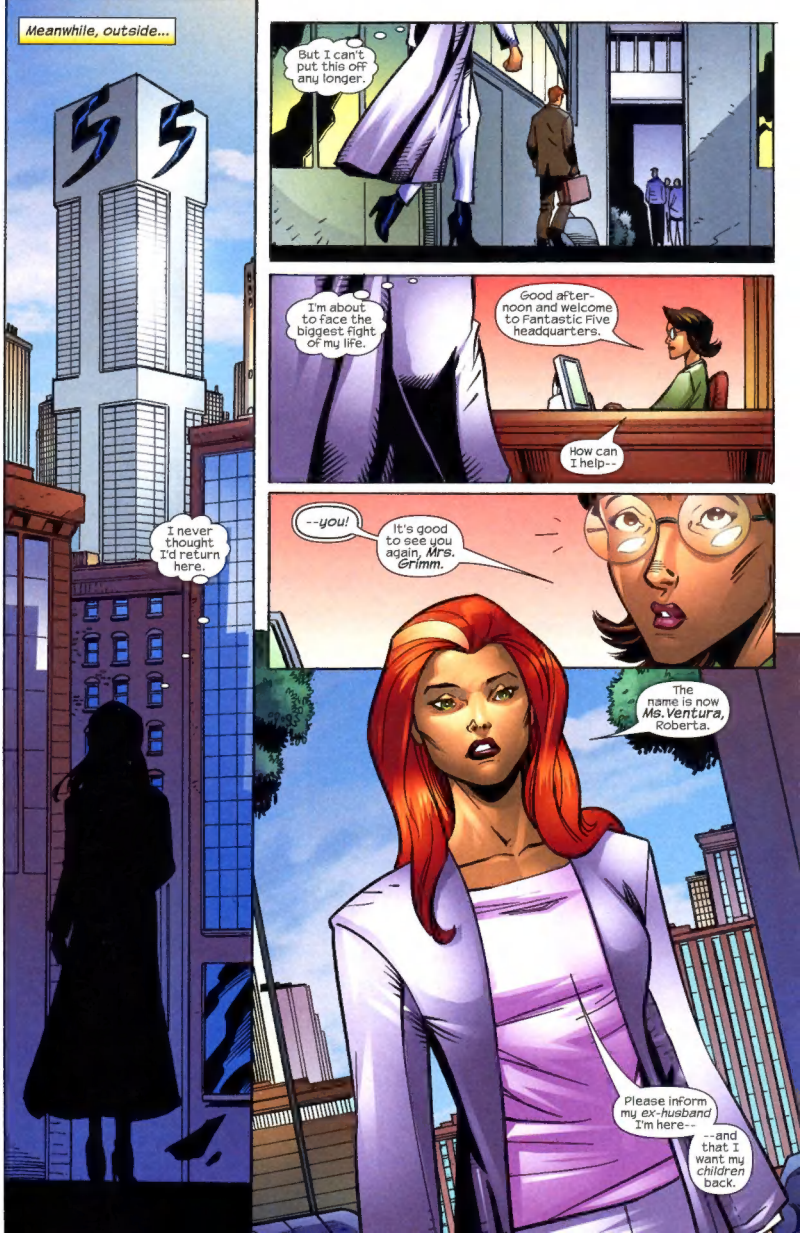
For almost twelve full years he has returned to this forsaken grotto once every month.
He comes to restock supplies--
--and to take his revenge on the war criminal that devastated *Atlantis*.
A revenge that will never be fully satisfied or--

KRAKKK!!
Fool!
You should have killed me when you had the chance.
My escape was inevitable.
My victory unavoidable.
The time has come for me to punish all who ever dared to defy me.
You, along with the rest of humanity, are destined to grovel at my feet.
History will forever mark this day as the triumphant return of--
DOCTOR DOOM!

Reed Richards, Mr. Fantastic! Susan Richards, the Invisible Woman! Franklin Richards, Psi-Lord! Johnny Storm, the Human Torch! And Ben Grimm, the ever-lovin' Thing!
Stan Lee presents the next generation of the world's greatest heroes!
THE FANTASTIC FIVE
Tom DeFalco--writer
Ron Lim--pencils
Scott Koblish--inker
Avalon's Rob Ro--colorist
Dave Sharpe--letterer
Molly Lazer--editor
Joe Quesada--editor in chief
Dan Buckley--publisher
Fantastic Five Headquarters...
I have good news for you, Ben.
I'm way past due, Stretcho.
Last time I caught a break I wus wearin' a four on my undies--
--an' the Jets had a decent pass rush.
The nanites I embedded in your bionic armor appear to be stimulating cellular regeneration.

Big whoop! I'd rather have a first round defensive end.
Don't you get it?
You've finally begun to heal and--
Hey, Reed--!
What's wrong with you, Johnny? You should know better than to enter a sealed laboratory.
You just contaminated a sterile environment--
--and may have exposed Ben to infection.
Simmer down, pal!
I just came to tell you that your latest batch of equipment arrived.
You could have waited.
I know that now.
;Sheesh!- Why so rough on the kid?
I'll apologize later.
Ben, your bionic armor may have saved your life--
--but it also prevents you from transforming into your human form.
I believe a series of operations can now restore the full use of your limbs.
You can finally discard the armor--
--and permanently become Ben Grimm.

Something bothering you, Johnny?
Your husband needs a serious attitude adjustment.
What happened?
You might as well tell me.
I'm not going to let you go until you do.
C'mon, Sue! Just drop the invisible force field and forget it already.
I'm waiting, Mr. Storm.
I just hate the way Reed talks to me sometimes.
It's like we're still the old Fantastic Four and I'm just a teenage hothead.
He seems to forget that I've been leading the FS for the past few years while you two were stuck in the Negative Zone.
You'd think that would count for something.
We need to talk, Lyja.
It may be time for us to think about forming our own team.
I was wondering when you'd come to that conclusion.
As much as you and Reed love and respect each other--
--no team needs two leaders.


Meanwhile, outside...
I never thought I'd return here.
But I can't put this off any longer.
I'm about to face the biggest fight of my life.
Good afternoon and welcome to Fantastic Five headquarters.
How can I help--
--you!
It's good to see you again, Mrs. Grimm.
The name is now Ms. Ventura, Roberta.
Please inform my ex-husband I'm here--
--and that I want my children back.

Latveria...
SHAKUKKK!
HISSSSSSS!
Intruder-detected.
Terminate-him!
Valeria.
You-grace-us-with-your-presence--Master.
We-await-your-commands.

Burn my old rags.
I have no wish to be reminded of my captivity.
Now that I am suitably attired, I must see what has transpired during my absence.
Interesting! My former adversaries now call themselves the Fantastic Five--
--though both the Richards' telekinetic son and the Torch's shape-shifting wife have apparently joined them.
Bah! They could be the Fantastic Five Million for all the good it will do.

What's that supposed ta mean?
55
It means Alyce and Jacob are returning to Los Angeles with me.
But they're happy here, Sharon.
They also like Universal's Islands of Adventure.
Why not move them there?
Ben, the F5 building is no place to raise children.
You're constantly under attack.
It ain't done my nephews Franklin and Torus any harm.
Is it true Dr. Doom's former ward is living here?
Ya mean Kristoff?
I think ya'd like 'im.
Where are my children, Ben?
"They're probably in the gym."
No! NO! NO!
You're supposed to be working together.
But it's easier to smash these robots on our own.
KWAKK!

You're missing the point, Jake.
You guys need to learn--
Torus, come back here!
And miss all the fun?
Don't worry about me, Frankie!
I'm a shape-shifter like my mom.
:ARRRK:
:UFFF:
KZAMMMM!
You avoided getting tagged, but look what happened to Jake and Kristoff.
Heads up, Psi-Lord!
Instead of focusing on bratzilla, you should watch your own butt.
ZAKKK!
I appreciate the assist, Alyce.
But you could have accidentally injured one of your teammates with flying shrapnel or--
:ARGHH!:
TWOMPPP!

ENOUGH!
This--
--ends--
--NOW!
You people just don't get it.
No matter how powerful you are, there's always someone stronger, fast, deadlier.
You need to start working like a team if you want to survive and join the F5 someday.
I always hoped my children would have loftier goals.
MOM!
It's so good to see you, pum'kin.
I missed you so much.
But please don't call me that in front of the others.
Jacob, is it possible you've grown since I last saw you?
Y-you really think so?
Cooool!
It just ain't fair! Alyce can switch back to human, but Jakey...
He is and always was--
--a monster.

This pitiful planet will soon be *mine!*
For over a decade, I had naught but my own thoughts for company.
Too long have I planned and prepared for this glorious day--!
With the aid of this simple device, my most cherished dream will become a magnificent reality.

Years have passed since I briefly seized the *power cosmic* from the *Silver Surfer.*

I later used my *Chair of Power* to imbue the savage *Terrax* with the same power.

In both instances, the accursed *Fantastic Four* temporarily forestalled my rightful destiny.
No matter! With each defeat, I have grown *stronger. Wiser!* Ever *more POWERFUL!*
My eventual victory is assured.

For I am truly destined to **RULE** *this hapless world!*

Manhattan...
I'll support whatever decision you make.
I just ask you to consider it carefully.
You've tried to leave in the past, but have always returned.
The F5 is more than a team. It's your family.
I know.
But maybe it's time to leave the nest.
F5 Headquarters...
Reed! Reed! I really need you to pay attention.
As soon as I check these test results.
What's the use?
There's always another test, another experiment, another threat.
I should just disappear.
Don't ever think that, Susan! I love you more than life itself.
I know I should prove it more often and I will.
What did you want to discuss?
I'm worried about Johnny--
--and Ben.

Central Park...
Much as I hate t'admit it, Sharon's right. The kids ain't safe with me.
But I'll miss'em if they head back to California, and Jake...
...Jake needs me.
I'm the only one who can really understand what it's like ta be a monster.
Then there's Reed! His medical procedures would sideline me from the FF.
And, even worse, how can I even think about becomin human--
--when it ain't even a possibility fer my son?
I just don't know what ta do.
I could really use a flash of inspiration like a bolt from the--
BTOOOM!

Greetings, you witless grotesquery!
You will knee! before me and beg for mercy! if you value your miserable, worthless life.
DOCTOR DOOM!
I...I never believed the rumors about Namor whackin' ya.
I always knew ya'd return someday.

Congratulations.
You may not be the brainless imbecile I always surmised.
H-how come you're glowin'?
Already I must reassess your intelligence.
KZZZAAM!
The answer should be painfully obvious.
I have regained the POWER COSMIC!
BRAKK!
You once held me helpless in your monstrous, malformed grip as you callously attempted to crush my hands.
BTWOK!
Tell me, Thing...
How do you like being helpless?

If that's yer best shot, I got plenty'a time ta clobber you--
--pick up a pizza--
--an' still catch the opening pitch'a the Yankee game.
Pitiful!
Your false bravado does not conceal your mounting terror.
Yawn! Yeah, ya got me shakin' so badly I can barely shout--
--it's clobberin' time!
ARRRGH!
What use is your vaunted strength when I can instantly form an impenetrable shield from the very air?
Even a misbegotten misanthrope like you must ultimately acknowledge the utter invincibility of my power--
--and the absolute futility of defiance!

Alas, I grow weary of this unchallenging charade.
KRAK!
WHA--?!
W-what'd ya *do* ta my blasted armor?
Why's it attackin' me?
Farewell, gargoyle.
I will leave you sufficient air to ponder your many transgressions against me.
I suspect your last moments will be filled with immeasurable agony.
Please think of me as you die.

Prepare yourself, Reed Richards...
Though our destinies have ever seemed entwined, yours will soon be abruptly cut short by--
THE FINAL DOOM!
TO BE CONTINUED--!

A Green Giant scan
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